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The WILLIAM O. MANGAS Family

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THE WILLIAM O. MANGAS FAMILY

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WILLIAM O. MANGAS
MINNIE COBY MANGAS
GLADYS MANGAS PATE

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PREFACE

A Retrospect
is a backward survey of Life.

Life
is a union of Soul and Body existing from Birth to Death.

The Home, The Church, and The School
unite in nourishing, culturing and educating MANKIND.

Without Knowledge
MAN, cannot give an account of himself—from whence he came, why he is, or where he can go.

Our Ablest Scholars
suggest, that we read not only to LEARN, but to THINK.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"
OUR ANCESTORS, had these TRUTHS in mind, as they struggled to found their homes, their churches and their schools. They read the WORD OF GOD to LEARN; they gave THOUGHT to their reading and increased their FAITH IN THEIR CREATOR, SAVIOUR AND REDEEMER; and they dedicated their LIFE WORK to US—
their direct DESCENDANTS.

Our Heritage

Now THEY are gone. Their earthly LIVES long done.
WE hold the THREADS, with which their lives were spun.
These are the LIFE-LINES—passed from Man to Man.
Future Generations on Us now depend.

How shall We build—that THEIR WORK may endure?
How can we make a FUTURE MORE SECURE?
How shall we build and not destroy their past?
How shall we build and MAKE OUR BUILDING LAST?

By GLADYS MANGAS PATE

IN THIS LITTLE BOOK

We have endeavored to set forth data and stories, concerning OUR PEOPLE and their lives, as far back as it has been possible for us to obtain accurate information. Relatives, friends, family Bibles, court records and head stones have been our sources of information; also our own recollections have enabled us to connect the past with the present.

WE DEDICATE

this to you: our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

William O. and Minnie Coby Mangas and Family

Our Migrating Ancestors

(*By* Gladys Mangas Pate)

What vivid Dream, what strong Desire,
Caused them to leave the family-fire,
With treasures, cow and family small,
To heed the western Migrant's call?

What trails were chosen, which rivers were crossed?
In their one horse wagon, were they ever tossed—
About by wind and rain and sleet?
Were they ever tempted—to retreat?

Did other travelers join their camp at night?
Were new Friendships fused in the warm fire-light?
Did the men discuss crops and future Homesteads?
Did the women compare recipes and their prize feather-
beds?

Did they pause on some hill-top in spring to behold—
The vast Panorama, which Nature unrolled?
And were they not awed, by this presentation—
Of God's scheme of Life in all of Creation?

Did they teach their children, when the days were still,
To call to their echoes, over the hill?
Learn the habits of wild life, the call of each bird,
To identify animals of some far grazing herd?

What did they eat—what did they wear?
Whose hospitality were they invited to share,
When they sought shelter from winter winds wild,
Awaiting the birth of another child?

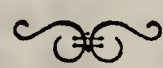
Over a Century later, we pause to reflect,
On our Fore-fathers' lives in Retrospect.
We find there is really so little we know,
Of this Journey they took, so long, long ago.

After two years of traveling their westerly way,
Into Indiana, at last came a day—
When they chose their Homestead—just on the bend,
Of Little Mississinewa—they found Journey's end.

From York, Pennsylvania, these Ancestors came,
With their Dutch Heritage and Mangas name;
To join fellow Settlers—a new Home to found,
With tools still quite crude—but Objectives—Profound.

My Father's People

(*By* Wm. O. Mangas)



MY FATHER, Eli Mangas, was the first Mangas to be born in Randolph County, Indiana. Since that time so many Mangas men have been born, that at one time the name Mangas almost filled one page of the Union City Telephone Directory. Fifty-three families, up to and including the third generation, are accounted for as direct decendants of my Grandfather Jacob Mangas, who immigrated to Indiana in 1837.

Jacob Mangas was born November 25, 1801, in York City, York County, Pennsylvania. In another home in York on February 25, 1808, Elizabeth Hoke was born. These two were nourished, educated and cultured in their parental homes, according to the principles of that day. The language of both families was German, later known as Pennsylvania Dutch, as their parents had emigrated from Germany about 1798.

Jacob and Elizabeth were united by Holy Matrimony in 1824 or 1825. One daughter, Sarah and three sons, Emanuel, Casper and John were born to them by 1835. Along about this time they made plans to immigrate further west. Now in 1835 there were no highways or railways, over or under the Allegheny mountains; just Indian trails and river courses, swamp land and dense forests. What would we think today of leaving our well-populated localities, to move to an unsettled location? They hoped by their own efforts, to obtain a home in a new community and to join with others in establishing a school and church for their future existence.

They equipped themselves with a cow, horse and wagon and such utensils their nature of conveyance would accommodate, for a family of six. From York, Pennsylvania they took a course a little north-west towards Mansfield, Ohio, where they spent several months. Somewhere on this journey, on February 25, 1836 a son Jacob was born. Later they continued their journey on through Ohio and located in Jackson Township, Randolph County, Indiana in 1837.

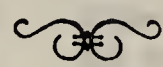
Their first home, which consisted of a one room, log house and log barn, was built on the east bank of the Little Mississinewa River, 4½ miles north of Union City and 1¼ miles west of the Indiana and Ohio State line. Their land was covered with forest timber, which had to be cleared and the low lands ditched, before they could begin cultivation. Four more sons were born to Jacob and Elizabeth in the following ten years. They were—Eli, Abraham, Absalom and Samuel. Twin boys died at birth. In the following 55 years this family labored and toiled in improving the land and in time acquired five other farms in the same section as the first home, making a total of 400 acres they owned.

The four eldest children knew only the Pennsylvania Dutch language, until they started to school in this new location. It was hard for them to translate the Dutch into English, in their home and this caused them to speak a very broken language, for some time. Sarah, who would be about nine years of age at this time, being the only daughter, early assumed the care of the younger brothers and aided both the brothers and parents in their struggles with the new ways and the language. When Sarah grew into womanhood, she married George Smiley and they lived in a log cabin on one of the farms and reared five sons and two daughters.

When Samuel and Jacob became of age they moved to Illinois. The other six brothers settled on the farms surrounding their parents to rear their families.

The Home Life of My Family

(*By* Wm. O. Mangas)



MY FATHER, Eli, was the first Managas to be born in this new settlement, in Indiana. His birth took place, May 12, 1839, and he was the fifth son. He married Jemmina Smith, on September 22, 1861. They bought the south forty acres of the two farms, that were east of the Union City and North Salem turnpike and built a one room log house, with a clapboard roof. Three sons, Wesley, April 22, 1861, Wiliam O., June 3, 1866, Rufus S., October 23, 1868, and two daughters who died in infancy were born in this log home.

In 1868, Father built a story and half frame house. He fenced the yard and garden with split picket pailing. A little orchard of twenty-five fruit trees and the rest of the farm was fenced with split rails. About this time the County granted a gravel road from Union City, ¼ mile west to Quaker trace road, north to Castle post office, though the Mangas farms and on north to Salem, the northern line of Jackson County. A mail route had already been cut through from Richmond, through Union City, Mt. Holly, Castle post office, Mangas farms, North Salem and Ft. Wayne. With these roads and the improvements on the farm my parents hoped to remain and enjoy the fruits of their nine years af labor.

I can only recall a few memories in the first home. I was sitting on the door-step one day, when Father told me I had chopped his cherry tree with my knife. His younger brother had carved a knife and fork out of a shingle, for me. I recall Mother speaking of death warnings, such as a door latch rattling. At that time her youngest brother, nineteen years of age, was dangerously ill with consumption. He desired to obey his Saviour's request and be baptised, but his condition would not permit the services to be held in a stream of water. His parents and the neighbors made a tank of a hollow log, and carried it to the side porch, of the home, where the baptismal services were held. I remember standing by the well, that contained the old oaken bucket, from which they filled the tank with water. That was the most impressive service I ever witnessed. Man's obedience to Christ—brought Joy, Peace and Happiness to his Soul and he passed peacefully to his reward, a few days later.

One day the nurse lady, who would probably be a kind neighbor, picked me up and carried me in her arms to my Mother's bed, to show me the new babe, my brother Rufus. A few days later they carried Mother and Rufus on a lounge to the new frame house Father had built that summer.

When the road constructors were grading the turnpike, Wesley and I went out to watch them work, in front of our house. Just as we arrived, they were moving a mud sile out of the gutter, under which laid a spotted snake. A dog grabbed it and shook the life out of it. You can imagine what an impression that would make on a lad, three and one-half years old.

In the life of every individual of every home, comes a turning point. The first settlers had sacrificed, toiled and labored to bring about all the improvements in their community. My Grandparents felt that they were worthy of a change and a little easier method of living. They suggested, that my Father exchange farms with them and Father granted their desire. We moved to the second location March 1, 1870. This was the first forty acres, which my Grandfather had purchased in 1837.

This exchange started another period of events for three boys 8-4-2 years old and covered about fifteen years.

I recall riding on the wagon with the kitchen furniture, but I cannot recall the loading, nor the unloading. I can remember the noon hour and our first meal, which was served on Grandfather's table. This family table was about twelve feet long and had a bench along each side, in place of chairs. My parents sat on one side and we three boys sat on the other. It had always been a sight to witness, when my Grandparents gathered around this table, with their eight sons and one daughter. Now their children had all married so they left the table for us. We boys would have to stand on the benches to wash dishes or churn, with the old dash churn.

I wish to describe the farm buildings here, as this farmhome was the center of my activities for many years. A square, one and one-half story, loghewed house, stood

on a little oval raise about 300 feet west of the east line of the farm. A road ran north and south along this line. This log house had been moved about 50 feet west and south, beside a little ravine, which ran east and west and curved into the creek. A new frame house was built where the log house once stood, facing the east. It was about 35 feet long and 20 feet wide; divided in three parts. The south end had two bed rooms, the north end kitchen and the dining room and living room were in the center and a porch was built along the east side of these two north rooms. The milk house faced south with three feet extending over the well and standing a little north and east of the east line of the house.

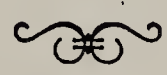
To serve a family of five these buildings were in need of repair and readjustment. The house had been roofed with hand-split shingles, as this was before the saw mill had been located in our vicinity. Father decided to reroof and add two rooms above, building a stairway between the two south bedrooms.

The old log barn was still standing about 100 feet northeast of the house. The wagon shed, with corn cribs built on each side, stood west of the road. A grainery stood back of the ravine. The entrance driveway came from the east and ran between these buildings to the house. Uncle Absalom was still living in the old log house and remained there until his new home was completed on his farm northeast of ours. After he moved, we tore down the old log house and sawed the logs into firewood. Later we tore down the old log barn and cribs and built the new barn in 1880.

The saw mill was the first introduction of steam power into the eastern part of Jackson Township. It was located east of the turnpike and north of the Mangas farms. When the mill was completed and ready for operation the fireman raised the steam and blew the whistle, a long, shrill blast. Now that was a new signal in our neighborhood and very thrilling to a lad, who heard it for the first time. I remember standing with Mother in the doorway of our home, when I first heard it. She told me it was the new saw mill whistle. I remarked in my childish way—"They must of sawed a big board that time."

My Mother's People

(*By* Wm. O. Mangas)



MY MOTHER'S parents were also born in York, Pennsylvania. Abraham Smith was born September 18, 1808, and Mary Feral, February 19, 1815. They were married in Pennsylvania and with a brother of Abraham's came to Indiana about the same time.

Their journey over the mountains and trails was similar to that of the Mangas family. They arrived in Indiana in 1837 and located 3½ miles north of Union City on the Indiana side of the Indiana and Ohio state line. This was just ¼ mile east and ½ mile south of the Mangas farms. Abraham and his brother procured 160 acres each of land, at this site.

My grandfather Abraham Smith was a carpenter and cabinet maker. He could make any tool out of wood to meet the demands of that time. Some of the most important things he made were—home fixtures, such as beds, chairs, carpet looms, spinning wheels and sleds for his farm use. I never knew him to use a wagon for the farm work. He built a very unique gate at the entrance of their farm home, about 400 feet from the road. A ten foot post was set on each side of the lane, a top beam was framed with a brace and mortice tenant to these posts; by so building it stood firm and square. The gate part contained many six by six inch squares and was about seven feet long. The lower end of the gate was set on a block, planted near one post and the upper end was tied with a hickory withe to the post, this formed a swing gate.

The first log-hewed house stood a few feet south and east of this gate. Later they built a frame house of two large rooms with a fire place at each end and two bed rooms above and a kitchen to the west.

Grandmother Smith operated the looms, spun the yarn and wove it into cloth for the family clothing.

Their family consisted of two sons and four daughters. The younger son died in early life. The eldest son moved to Nebraska in 1875. One daughter married and located on a farm near New Lisbon. After the birth of a son and a daughter she was stricken with consumption and died. The two children lived with their Grandparents until they became of age. Two other daughters married John Musselman and Isaac Lambert and moved to Paulding County, Ohio.

My mother Jemmima Smith was their fourth daughter. She was born in 1844.

WILLIAM O. MANGAS
1887

MINNIE E. COBY
1887

Family Group - 1915

FATHER

William O. - - - Born June 3, 1866

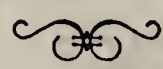
MOTHER

Minnie E. - - - Born July 10, 1872

CHILDREN

Lulu Agnes - - Born Feb. 24, 1890
Ronald Earl - - - Born Jan. 2, 1894
Gladys Marie - - Born June 13, 1899
Ralph Allison - Born June 26, 1901
Emory Kenneth - - Born Sept. 6, 1904
Laura Lorena - - Born Dec. 29, 1906
Nellie Mae - - Born April 28, 1909

Visiting Grandfather and Grandmother Smith



OH, HOW WELL I remember the old, two-horse sleigh, when to Grandfather Smith's we would go. Over the corduroy bridges, bumpity bump and the roads rough with ice and packed snow. From the hill I could see the old swing gate, that stood in a high square frame. As it swung to admit us we all felt that it's squeak was a sort of welcome refrain.

Then came the greetings and hand-shaking, removing of wraps and siting by the old-fashioned fireplace, with its fire irons and large back log to reflect the heat and light into your face. It wasn't long until you shoved back your chair, rubbing the tips of your fingers and discovering the frost had gone from your toes. You glanced around the room, observing the old clock that stood on the floor—taller than the old man himself. The almanacs that hung by the door, dating many years back. In the adjoining room where our wraps had been placed on the tall, four-poster bed, you could see the trundle bed underneath and the large carpet loom occupying one whole corner.

Thawed out at last, to the kitchen we children would go. There stood the first cooking stove, the old three-cornered cupboard in the opposite corner. Along one side was a long table with flour barrel close by. The freshly made cookies were in a large stone jar, the maple sugar cakes in a can and the left-over cakes were stored in the upstairs loft. Yes — the grandchildren never missed a thing—but many cookies and maple sugar cakes soon were missing.

Next would be the trip to the apple cave, where the apples, cabbage and potatoes were buried deep to keep them from freezing. Only a minute to kick the snow away and uncover the apples, fill a large basket to carry to the cooks and to select our favorites to munch on, as we again gathered around the fireplace. With the visiting help it would only be a short time until we were called to a piping hot dinner. I can remember that picture so well, the elder members of the family seated around that bountiful table, with the younger members standing with bowed head as thanks were expressed to the Heavenly Father.

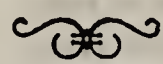
Our tours were different in the summer time. It would be out through the poultry yard, past the strutting gobbler, the old, top knot, setting hen and the cock-a-doodle-do. Then to the hay barn where the new mowed hay was being stowed away. Here we would turn flip-flops and somersaults and walk the ropes or girders. We would hunt eggs and initiate a new-comer into our egg swallowing clan. Of course we would make frequent stops at the open well with its pole lift and wooden bucket, to get a drink. Then on past the wood yard, where grandfather's sled stood, on which he hauled the fire logs and wood for the cook stove. We would enter the work shop and examine the carpenter and cabinet making tools.

Back again in the fall to take part in the apple picking and cider making. In front of the house was the apple grinder. This was a crusher turned with a horse. The large cider press was constructed of a large post planted deep in the ground, with a hole morticed near the top, through this hole a 30 foot pole entered; the far end of the pole was raised and lowered and a wood screw turned round and round. Many barrels of cider were made from the apple pomace. Some of the cider was soured for vinegar, for household use, and some was used in making apple butter.

The hard cider was stored away in the smoke house, where the sausage was smoked and Grandmother's smoking tobacco was stored. Beside this smoke house was the bread baking oven. I do not remember seeing this in operation. West of the milk house, with its roof extending over the well, had an overhead loft with an outside stairway. This contained past equipment; grandmother's side saddle, fly traps, rat traps, the first sausage grinder and stuffer, lard press, spinning wheels and many other rude but needy tools, which would be called antiques today.

The Community

The HOME—nourishes the physical life of a child;
the SCHOOL—disciplines the mental life;
the CHURCH—develops the spiritual life;
the COMMUNITY—serves as his testing ground.



THESE two families (Mangas and Smith) joined with the other settlers in forming a community spirit of co-operation and sociability; overcoming the disadvantages of nationalities and languages, as they worked together in their homes, schools and churches. They built nine district, one room schools and six churches, located conveniently for all to attend. Today these schools have become centralized into one large school, called the Jackson Township school.

Many of the students, after graduating from the district schools were so desirous of further education, that they would walk four or five miles each day, to attend the Union City High School. Others, if they had the spondulicks, would obtain room and board in town. Some of the young men would seek desirable employment in the surrounding communities.

There was a great demand for carpenters to build the new frame houses and farm buildings in which to store the grain and shelter the stock. The farm men developed other crafts besides farming; such as carpentry, road building, ditching, blacksmithing, masonry and general repair work. There were those who served as Township trustees, supervisors and justices of the peace. All these professions and trades demanded a public association and service to the entire community, sometimes calling for long hours of labor and sacrifice, so that all might enjoy a better community life.

The singing school was one community project, organized to teach the rudiments of music. Young and old alike enjoyed these sessions. Other projects included—log-rolling, raising farm buildings, corn huskings, bridge and corduroy road building. The women prepared the meals for these gatherings. They often held quilting bees and rug making parties and the neighborhood exchange of help with the winter butchering.

Many of the young people had married and moved to other states and cities and did not get back home very often, so they all looked forward to the Home Coming celebration, held in the community each summer. This was a BIG DAY for all. A suitable grove was chosen, tables erected and a program planned. The tables were logs, hewed smooth on one side and placed over sawed off stumps. This gave all the cooks a chance to display their cooking abilities and prepare a delicious dinner. After Thanks were expressed, all did full justice to the many dishes set before them. Next came the social hour when greetings were exchanged and friends reunited. The young people and children formed into groups to compete in various games. Wrestling, jumping and foot racing were some of the favorites.

Later, the one, who was privileged to have the most general knowledge of the life and people of his community, was chosen master of ceremonies. He was led to a stump and was usually so nervous that he would fall over it, before he could mount it and express his appreciation of the honor that had been bestowed upon him. After gaining control of his muscles and wits he would usually start out in this manner—"Well, Boys, I am going to reverse this fear and trembling by asking some of you to stand up and tell the best story or joke you know."

The incident I recall, is the time he called on my Uncle Samuel. Samuel had moved to Illinois when he became of age and this was his first visit home, so he was enjoying himself immensely. He was very tall and slender and rather bashful, so this is the way he started to talk. "Ho—Ho folks—I just cannot think of—anything—Oh! Say—Boys —do you remember the snowy day we went to play in the old barn, at Jimmy Reeve's home and we stayed—ALL DAY? When we started home Father met us at the bars, with a gad in his hand. Father had dropped the top rails and ordered us to step over—one at a time. Remember there were eight of us and about half of us had crossed over and taken our punishment, when brother John decided he would run and jump the bars, to avoid his switching. When John jumped, he did not aim high enough, his foot caught under the rails and he fell across the bars, giving Father a chance to apply the gad to his full satisfaction."

(The bars were two posts, about eight inches square, set into the ground, there were several four inch holes cut in the posts, so that split rails could be slipped in and out, to form a gate. You could drop one end of a few of the top rails and then step over the remainder.)

One young man was the proud owner of the first pair of red-topped boots, to be worn in our community. He attracted the attention of all—stepping so high, wide and handsome and being so particular about not walking in the dust or through water. The boys all admired his boots, but felt he was a bit too cocky, so concocted a plan to take him down a notch. He was asked to accompany one of the young men, to visit a neighbor across the creek. He readily agreed to go, but when they came to the stream, he wanted to turn back, because the stepping stones were so slippery and too far apart and he was afraid he would get his boots wet. His friend offered to carry him across on his back. Midway he slipped, claimed his burden was too heavy and that he would just have to walk the rest of the way. The rider became so angry that he slapped his companion's ears, pulled his hair and swore so, that he found himself suddenly dropped into the deepest part of the stream, and thus reduced to a lower level of society.

Founding of Randolph County and Union City

(from a newspaper clipping by Philip Kabel)

RANDOLPH COUNTY was founded in 1818, and in 1836 John Cimrine, a resident of Darke county, became the first owner of land where Union City is now located. Later the certificate of ownership of the land was transferred to Augustus Loveland, and he in turn sold the land to Jeremiah Smith in May, 1849.

During this time Oliver H. Smith and Jeremiah Smith conceived the idea of building a town—now Union City—so it would be located on the Bellefontaine and Indianapolis railroad line. The town of Union City was platted here on June 11, 1849 by the Smiths and in 1852 several families began to settle here.

Boyhood

OH! the April showers, that bring the pretty flowers; the May days, when the fish begin to bite; middle June, when early apples first turn ripe, and three boys ever on the run, trying to get their old work done!

A barrel must be set up to run down lye water, to make soap. Fuel must be carried to heat the water in a large kettle, for the family wash. Then there was the cooking stove wood to split and pile; cabbage plants to pull and reset; the early seed potatoes must be dug from their winter storage place and the new sprouts broken off. The potatoes must be quartered and planted—two in a hole and covered. By that time it would be almost night, yet the eggs must be hunted in the old log barn and sitting hens jailed, before a boy—*dared think of going fishing.* Just before it was quite dark, the cows appeared, for the old hand squeeze milking machine and the new born calf had to be taught to drink, by holding its head in a bucket of milk and letting it suck on your fingers. By this time you began to feel like the young preacher who lived on a farm. He had to arise early every Sunday morning to do his chores, before he could attend his flock. On this particular morning, he was thinking of his text—"Go and feed my Sheep." After he had laid aside his farmer attire and put on his slit-tail coat, he heard a call saying, "Deacon Jones, the new born calf has not been fed." He grabbed the pail of milk and the calf by the ear and soused its nose into the milk up to its eyes, saying—"if it were not for the Love of God in my heart, I would drown this calf."

Only the birth of my younger brother Rufus has been mentioned, but it was not the least of note in the affairs of his life. He grew rapidly in wisdom and soon gained the ability to bring about the desired pleasures of boy-life. By his boyish diplomacy he could many times persuade our parents to grant requests, when Wesley or I lacked the courage to make the approach; so we used him for our middle man. Wesley 14, myself 10, Rufus 8, were called Wes, Will and Ruf for short and these names could be expressed with emphasis, which carried a lot of meaning at times. Wes was Father's helper, I was Mother's and Ruf was the roustabout.

One of the projects in which we boys wanted to indulge, required CASH. One whole DOLLAR and we only had fifty cents. Boys of our time could not demand much money for their services. It was up to the person served, to render as he was able. For this particular deal we decided that Rufus was the one to approach Father, whose bank account was not much larger in proportion than ours. Thought put into action many times brings results. Rufus got the fifty cents—next step was to make the arrangements for the deal. It was corn planting time and Father had arranged to go to town; so it was decided betwen us that Wesley was to make the deal, Rufus was to help Mother and I was to manage the team.

What do you think Father found to greet him on his return—A GOAT! A brown-brindled, chin-whiskered goat, with a pair of v-shaped horns curled back over his ears and with a sheep's head for innocence. We boys soon found out that those v-shaped horns meant Victory—for the goat—only. We would try to slip by him—as we thought unnoticed—but mister goat would be standing with his neck curved and tail up and—wham—we would be somersaulting and seeing falling stars. Although we indignantly yelled, "you old goat you!" he would only walk away shaking his head as if to say—the world is round remember and there are others around as well as you three boys.

Such activities stirred our mental facilities and we soon contrived a set of harness and introduced the goat to the wagon and plow and the cultivation of Mother's cabbage patch. Ruf applied the gad, Wes handled the plow and I led the goat. Judging from Mother's worried expression, as she watched our activities, we knew she was apprehensive of her winter kraut supply; but Father's big grin assured us, that although he detested goats, he felt his fifty cents had ben well invested.

I read where God made Man the caretaker of all animal life, and that a goat had two purposes. One—he was to be used as a burnt offering; his body was to be dressed and cleansed and rid of all spots and blemishes. The other purpose—a live goat was taken to the Priest of the Temple for him to prepare it to deliver the Sins of a fallen people, unto the Heavenly Father. This goat was called an "Escape Goat." Hebrews 9:11, Leviticus 16:1-16.

Life had its disappointments along with its sports. It rained very hard one May night during corn planting time; so Father went to town the following morning, hoping by his return, the ground would be dry enough to work. As he left no instructions for the day's pro-

gram, Wes and I decided it would be a good time to go fishing. Although we knew we should have had Father's consent, we thought we could get back before his return. But Father returned earlier than usual to find us gone and that Mother knew nothing of our where-abouts. Knowing boys and their thoughts in the spring, he readily guessed our destination. We had gone about a mile down stream to a mill dam and were just ready to operate, when Father appeared, with a white thorn sprout in his hand. Wesley, being the eldest, got a very smart switching and was ordered to return home at once. I, being much younger, and Father being in a great hurry to eat his dinner and get into the corn field, was swung over his back and he hustled through the bushes and low boughs at such a pace, that I felt I had been as severely switched as Wesley.

Sometimes the wet weather could be very destructive to our crops. A flood could cause much damage to hay and wheat in the lowlands. One year when the wheat was threshed, it was so mouldy, it could not be ground into flour. We had rationing to the extent that mush and milk and bread and butter were very scarce. The only bountiful supply of food was the pork we had butchered in the fall, for winter meat. This meat had to be put down in a very salty brine to keep it any length of time. When we wanted to use it, we would have to soak a piece in water overnight to reduce the briny taste and often it was still too salty to be relished. After a winter diet such as this, it was only natural, that we should want to hunt and fish, in hopes that we might supplement our diet with fresh meats.

Wesley had seen a shotgun at a hardware store, that could be purchased for $3.50. Father had never owned a gun and coon hunting days were over for him, as the general affairs of life employed all his time. Wesley was getting the urge to hunt and was determined to own the gun, so he started collecting all the old junk iron and bones around the farm. This was a big task, as farm machinery was not plentiful and the scrap iron was usually saved to help make repairs, or it was worked over into other tools by the village blacksmith. He finally had quite a collection from the farm and the donations of his relatives and neighbors and persuaded Father to help him take it to market and purchase the gun. Now, did he ever step—*high, wide and handsome*. He would hunt rabbits during the day and at night a cousin would go along to hunt coon. Wesley with his gun and the cousin with his coon dog.

I had grown in gun knowledge, from observation only; as I was usually told to stay home and help Mother, when a hunting trip was on. Once Father and Wes had gone to another farm to work for the day and left instructions for me to hoe the corn. Now that was a very hot July day, and boys—corn hoeing—and hot days, do not mix very well; especially when the neighbor's coon dog has a squirrel treed near by. I kept thinking—I surely could shoot that squirrel! A boy becomes very thirsty hoeing corn—so while I got a drink, I told Mother about the squirrel, and that I wanted to shoot it.

She was amused at my determination, but reluctant to give her consent, knowing that I had never fired a gun. I ran and got the gun, the shotpouch and the powder caps and headed for the squirrel. Now if you ever saw a boy hurry, with that much equipment, you can imagine my progress. I wanted to make good use of my golden opportunity. When I arrived on the scene—there was a mountain Jack squirrel, in plain sight. I became so excited I fired the gun without knowing whether it was loaded. No dead squirrel! I reloaded and took special care in putting in the powder and shot; took special aim and pulled the trigger, but no fire—I had failed to put on the powder cap. I put the cap on and tried again. Still no dead squirrel. I knew the gun had fired for I felt the kickback of the discharge. I decided to try once more. When I started to reload, I discovered I had shot the ramrod away, for I had left it in the gun barrel the last time. Hunting—but no game—how embarrassed and humiliated I felt; but Mother had an understanding heart and she never mentioned my sad experience to Father or Wes. I remember it was a long time afterward before I told of my adventure. You know we wish many times to confess or tell about the joke on ourselves, but we often lack the courage to do so.

The hunt proved more successful on another occasion. I decided to go to my uncle's woods. I went down the field side, part way, then climbed the high fence into the woods, right by a large oak tree. This tree was about four feet across and very tall. I heard a scratching noise and looked up—blinked and looked again, for there was a large fox squirrel, looking right at me.

I heard a preacher ask an old huntsman, why he could not kill game like the hunter could. The hunter replied with a laugh, "you only look through the end sight of the gun, but I look deep into the rear sight and the game is mine." This time I made sure the gun was loaded and trying the hunter's advice, I took aim—sighted—and took aim again. That squirrel just hung there, with his head down, his forefeet and hind legs stretched the four ways and his bushy tail hanging down over his body, looking as though he was nailed fast; and confident he was safe from danger. I looked deep into the rear sight and fired. The squirrel fell to the ground and I ran, jumped and fell sprawled out over him. The shot had proved to be fatal and I ran all the way home and proudly presented my first squirrel to Mother.

In the home we began to grow individually, as well as collectively; developing our personalities through added chores and responsibilities. We learned much from past experience and a great deal from observation; though sometimes what we learned from observation was often misapplied. One day I watched Father dropping corn and asked if I could help. He gave me some corn in a small pail and showed me how to drop it into the furrow. After a time that became a very tiresome task. I had often watched Father broadcast oats, in the spring and long desired to try it. The thought occurred to me that would be a much speedier way of planting corn. When Father discovered my improved method, he did not pat me on the shoulder with praise—OH NO—he patted farther down and sent me to the house to help Mother.

Another lesson reminded me of this story I found in my reading, called "Harry and the Guide Post." The night was dark, the sun was hid, and not a single ray, disclosed the path which Harry sought, along his homeward way. Now in the thickest darkness a white form arose to stare, and stretch his naked arms, to catch poor Harry by the hair. He felt his blood run cold, at what before him stood, tho he hoped no harm, could happen to the good. So calling all his courage up, he to the monster went. Tho frightened still, he made a grab and found his hands were bent—around a friendly guide post. Cried Harry joyfully —one thing I've learned, I never will forget. Whatever may confront me—I'll march right up to it."

Mother's health was so poorly at this time, that we had to have extra help in the home. Hired girls were hard to obtain and retain, as well. This girl was giving satisfaction; so when she asked permission to attend a service at her home church, and also asked that I might accompany her, Mother readily gave her consent. The girl stated, that she would have an escort on the return trip; but she promised to see that I got started home all right. We attended the service, she met her friend and we all started out for home. I had joined two of my school friends, who were going my way, so we were trailing along behind the couple. About one-third of the way home the boys had to turn off and go another direction to reach their home. I suddenly discovered I was all alone, as my escorts had vanished from my sight. I was acquainted with the road, but had never traveled it—alone—at night—that mile and a half seemed to never end! I knew who lived along the road and remembered that one family had a large Newfoundland dog. I had never heard of the dog being vicious but the closer I got to that home the larger that dog became—in my imagination. I was already traveling in high gear, when behold a form not white, but BLACK—blinkity-blink-black—appeared before me. Like Harry, I had to call my courage up, for it was down to a very low ebb, and confront this monster. Then I heard a loud grunt—it was not a dog—but a hog, I had stumbled into. I lost no time in traveling on my way. If Mother was listening she could have heard my teeth as well as my feet rattling. I learned one thing—things are not always what they appear to be, when you travel alone in the dark.

I think the main reason my parents had a hard time keeping help was not because the help was dissatisfied with the working conditions; but because three boys, finding themselves relieved of the household duties, used the time to play pranks on the help, without Mother's knowledge.

The two rooms which my Father built upstairs, shortly after we had moved to this home, made a regular reservation for boys. Seven people could sleep there. Wesley slept alone but Rufus and I slept together. The furniture consisted of the old type, cord beds with turn rail and spring pins holding the rope which was used for the springs. The mats were large muslin ticks, filled each fall with the new straw. By early spring these ticks would have to be refilled with corn shucks. No chairs, no light but star light and moon light, no heat only from the flue in the north room. Sleeping was profound, once boyish preliminaries were over. There was always the scuffle in trying to keep the other fellow from getting into bed; next a lively pillow fight and last a trial kick-out or tumble-bug, to decide who should sleep next to the wall. Many times Father would have to appear on the scene and one round of his treatment was sure cure, at least for that night.

Wesley sometimes shared his bed with company or the extra farm help, often needed in the fall. Such was life on the farm—before there could be any pork in the barrel or beans in the pot; came the plowing, planting, harvesting and thrashing. The stock to be pastured and fattened for fall; the corn to be cut so that the pumpkins could ripen for pies; the corn to be shucked and stored in the cribs, and fodder hauled and ricked in stacks for the winter feeding. The fire wood corded for winter use, and then all the neighborhood did the winter clearing; chopping logs, and sawing them into cordwood for market; splitting rails and posts for fencing. When the snow fell and the ground froze you got our your sleds and hauled your year's surplus to market. Each and every day of the year, the cows were milked twice a day, chickens fed and eggs gathered and all stock fed and watered.

My Father had been chosen, in his early life, to serve as the township road supervisor, this gave us an opportunity to combine our farm work with ditching, excavating and roadbuilding. Along with this we still attended school a few months of the year, to sharpen our mental faculties, so that we could keep our own little world rolling along, in a more progressive way.

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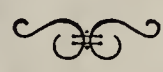
The Hurricane



ON THE 4th of July, 1875, a hurricane burst over eastern Indiana with a loud thundering, rumbling noise and boiling, black funnel-cloud, rolling swiftly out of the west, sweeping low over our homes and roaring on into the eastern sky. It uprooted and shattered the best forest timber in our community, damaged farm buildings and injured and killed the stock, pastured in the lowlands. Father was ill in bed, but he staggered to the door at Mother's call of alarm. Wesley had gone out to cut some timber to build a trough for his pet pig. My parents tried to call a warning to him, but the wind carried their voices in the opposite direction.

Wesley had heard the approach of the storm and had started for home; when he realized he would not have time to reach the house, he took shelter on the east side of the grainery, that stood beside the lane. Just as he arrived at the building the wind tore the roof from my uncle's house and threw it against the west side of the grainery. After the storm abated my uncle and family came outside to view what was left from the wind's devastation. When Wesley appeared out of the debris, they could hardly believe it was possible he had survived the storm. After Wesley related his experience they realized how anxious his parents would be about him, so they sent their three sons home with him; for fear he might have difficulty getting home. Words cannot express the joy and relief we all felt when Wesley walked in unharmed.

The Apple Orchard

NEARLY all homesteads had an apple orchard, with apples maturing from early spring until late fall. Some were white and some were red, and others so very, very green they would not be ripe until midwinter, when they made good eating just before time for bed.

Oh—but in the early fall—what a time we had picking the various kinds. The big, fall Pippin, so yellow and mellow, that you held your breath when you handled it, for fear you would drop it and it would go squash. The fall Rambo, just turning streaked on red; the winter Rambo, red streaked on brown; the red Baldwin, solid and round; the Romensturn, dark and green and the Pennic, large and red. What a scaffolding and ladder climbing we did to keep all these apples from falling to the ground.

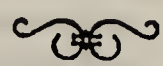
The winter varieties, such as the winter Greenings and Michelhemy apples were left for later picking; when our summer pants would be out at the knees, the behind torn off from sliding down trees and Mother too busy to patch them or to knit mittens so our hands wouldn't freeze. The last tree would be the one with the limbs hanging low, from the weight of green and brown spotted apples, which were still hard as darnicks—well buried these apples would keep until March and would then be good to eat—only because they were the only ones left.

After the picking the apples would have to be sorted. The best ones carried to the cave for the winter use. The culls were saved for the cider making. Next the cider barrels would have to be water soaked and the hoops hammered down. With the wagon bed loaded with the culls and the cider barrels we would head for the cider mill. Although you tried to get there very early in the morning, after all the rushing around there were usually so many ahead of you that you had to wait over night and go home the next morning—that is if—you had not consumed too much cider; could tell when your apples had been ground and barrels filled; could tell whether you were hot or cold—you were homeward bound at last.

Arriving home in the wee morning hours, you collect a pile of wood, start a fire under the large copper kettle, which must be hung just so, so the cider will not spill out when it starts boiling and jumping. While the cider comes to a boil, you can eat breakfast—that is—if you did not drink too much cider and can still relish your food. In the meantime your parents have been busy cutting and peeling the filling apples, to add to the boiling cider along with the sugar and spices. After a short nap, you can take your turn keeping the stirrer going so the apple-butter will not stick to the sides of the kettle and burn. Along about supper time the kettle is lifted from the fire to cool. The stirrer must be kept moving to keep the butter from settling, while some one dips the butter into stone jars. Before you can retire for the night the jars must be carried into the fruit cellar. What a day! But what a day of rejoicing in the winter when fresh baked bread was thickly spread with that spicy apple-butter.

School Days

We have to learn to read, in order that we can read to learn, so that we can learn to think.



IN 1873, the school system in our Township, was not complete. Many of the higher grades were not introduced, until 1878; when grammar, history and physiology were added. Reading, writing and 'rithmetic—taught to the tune of the hickory stick was more truth than poetry. Reading, elocution, Ray's mental arithmetic and geography were the main subjects. Each branch was called to recite in a group in the front of the school room and the one teacher taught all branches. The Beginners studied from large charts and primers. The other classes used text books and figured on slates. Each Friday afternoon a program was planned consisting of songs and recitations by the whole school. Spelling bees and ciphering matches, between schools, were exciting occasions for the students and their parents.

It was often very hard to obtain qualified teachers. The district had a large number of pupils, including several almost full grown young men, who had become unruly and had overpowered the last teacher. I started in school, in 1873, at the Mangas school, known as number six, just about ¼ mile northeast of our farm. The teacher resigned during the first of the term, because of this unruly element. The County Trustee hired another teacher, who let it be known from the start, that he expected to remain throughout the entire term. He introduced himself, explained his program and stated that he intended to have order and obedience; if not by the rule—then by the rod. The school accepted him for a tryout and in a short time a few tried to reject him, as they had the other teachers. But he applied his prescribed application for disobedience so effectively, that he proved his power and authority, were to be respected. From that time on the school made progress.

I was very timid and bashful about reciting and would run off and return home at the first opportunity. When Father heard of my conduct he applied his own treatment. My brother and cousin hired and coached me to recite the alphabet for them, until I had it memorized, so that I could recite it with confidence. With their frequent coachings I gradually overcame some of my timidity.

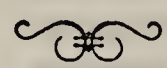
The picture chart, which hung on the wall, contained our daily object lessons. This was not only entertaining but helped to create expression. One lesson (I well remember) was about the picture of an ox with a boy on its back. The teacher would point to the name of the animal and request some chap to spell the word and pronounce it. He called on me to spell the word ox. I chewed my fingers and finally whispered o—ox— but I could not pronounce it. With his pointer remaining on the word, he called on the chap beside me. This boy was more alert, but in another way. He was always turning his head and making goggle-eyes at some girl across the room. When he finally focused his eyes on the pointer, he exclaimed with rapture—"a boy riding a cow." Every one laughed. One thing about a one room school, that was often embarrassing, was the fact that the entire school usually kept one ear cocked and one eye focused, on the class reciting before the teacher.

That pointer (which was a stick, about thirty inches long, made of the white of green hickory) was of great service to the teacher. He could attract the wavering attention of his pupils, by banging it on the desk; he could apply it across the back of a slumping boy to make him straighten up; and he could throw it clear across the room to notify a group of older boys, that he knew of their mischief, even if his back had been turned. A sharp crack across the wrist of the paper-wad thrower, would help to remind him that he was in school, for a more noble purpose.

The New Lisbon Church

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Matthew 4:10



THE development of good roads, which crossed or forked near the bend of the Little Mississinewa River, made a suitable site to establish a church, a school and a community trading center. This village was called New Lisbon and was built about the time my Grandparents first located in Indiana. The church, cemetery and school were first established south of the village on the east side of the road, between the road and the creek. Both buildings were log structures. Later a frame church was built across the road and a little to the north, where the Turnpike turned to the west. This was in 1868. In 1875 the church organization bought two acres of ground for a burial ground, across the road directly south of the frame church. This is the present location of the church and cemetery of Lisbon.

The Mangas and Smith families all attended the New Lisbon church, which was known as the First Christian Church. A Sunday school was organized to aid in the teaching of the Word of God. It was composed of nonmembers as well as regular church members; and classes were held every Sunday morning before the church service. This school soon grew in numbers and knowledge and created a financial surplus over and above the necessary funds for supplies; such as school papers, New Testaments and song books. Both the church and the school used the round note system in their music; to get their tone, the leader would bite the old tuning fork and hold it to his ear. The Sunday school decided to buy an organ with their extra money.

Instrumental salesmen heard their call, made their offers and the school soon held a meeting and the desired purchase was completed. The Sunday school used the organ each Sunday for their song service, but the church continued their former method. A large number of the members of the church, was unfavorable to the use of instrumental music in the church service, although many had organs in their own homes. It took a sad occasion to overcome this opposition.

The family doctor resided on a farm, just one-half mile north of the Mangas farms, on the Union City and North Salem road. This family, to my knowledge, had never affiliated with any church organization. The mother, four sons and four daughters, were very friendly and sociable to all classes. They often entertained in their home or joined whole-heartedly in the activities of the community. The eldest son and daughter graduated in the Township school and both taught in the district schools. The son later became trustee of the Township. Their only means of transportation was walking. They would have to walk many miles to teach each day. When the daughter had just reached womanhood, she became seriously ill and died in a few days. The funeral services were held in the New Lisbon church and her body was carried across the highway to the new cemetery. Just before the funeral service the bereaved father motioned to my father to come to him. He requested the organ be used for the service. Father counseled with the other two elders of the church, and they granted the request. The organ was played for that funeral service and from that time on it was used for all the church services as well as for the Sunday school.

In 1900 the organ was exchanged for a piano. Later a violin was introduced to add its violent strength of tone with man, as he made a joyful noise unto the Lord. By some members, the violin was considered an instrument of the devil, but in time that prejudice was also overcome.

The church seats were the old type, box bench with a back rail. These were becoming rickety from continued use and the members desired to replace them. Finance was inadequate but timber was bountiful and willing hands capable. Some members furnished the logs for lumber, others hauled the logs to the saw mill, some hauled the lumber to my Uncle Casper's farm, where it was stacked for kiln drying. Here some cut wood for the kiln fires and others hauled the dried lumber to the planing mill, where it was dressed down for the carpenters to build the seats. I thought this was the most generous donation any community could make of their time and services. They enjoyed going of evenings to help with the kiln firing and taking part in the amusements of the groups. Some boiled sugar water over the fire, fried eggs and baked chicken and potatoes.

In 1881, these seats were placed in the church. They are still in use today (May, 25, 1946) 65 years later, in the New Lisbon church. The same organization stands firm and steadfast in the Faith of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The fourth and fifth generations of many of these first families are carrying on, in their fathers' footsteps.

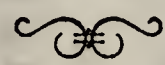
As all the Christian churches in the Township grew in members and activities they often made greater demands of the services of the church officials. Father was elder of the New Lisbon church and superintendent of the Sunday school and his services were ever in demand; not only to counsel and to advise, but often to help furnish entertainment, to make reservations for the ministers and to furnish transportation to the various church meetings. Father's means of conveyance was a one-horse spring wagon. This wagon was equipped with two, removable, backless seats which could be fastened to the top edge of the wagon bed. The number of passengers determined the seating arrangement—if four grown-ups occupied the seats, we three boys sat in the rear with our feet under the back seat; or else we turned and sat with our backs against the rear seat and let our feet dangle over the tail-gate of the wagon. This arrangement often caused much annoyance and disturbance in the rear of the wagon. The grown-ups felt they had enough to contend with trying to retain their own seating and dignity and maintain a firm grip on the ends of their backless seat, so were unmoved by our complaints of discomfort.

I remember one occasion when the North Salem church was holding revival services each night for a week, and Mother and Father wished to attend all the services, often taking other church members with them. Some nights they suggested we three should remain home and get to bed early. One night after they left, Wesley decided that he would go to the services. Rufus and I did not wish to stay alone and asked to go with him. We started out across the fields and as it was about a three mile walk to the church it was not long until Rufus and I were tired and begged Wesley to turn back. Wesley suddenly realized it would not do for him to show up at the church as our parents would be sure to see us, so he turned back, saying—"come on you fraidy-cats, we will stay home!"

Two nights later Rufus thought he had connived a way, whereby he could go to the service and not be noticed until it was too late for Father to turn back. While Wesley and I hitched the horse to the spring wagon, Rufus sneaked into the back of the wagon and hid under the back seat. Father and Mother were the only ones who were attending the services that night so when they came outside Father decided to remove the back seat. There curled under the back seat was Rufus—trembling at the sudden exposure and termination of his pet scheme.

Yes LIFE is largely THOUGHT put into ACTION
and often spiced with UNTHOUGHT-OF
REACTIONS.

We Make More Moves and Changes and the Family Circle Widens



As I have stated in the first part of this manuscript, my grandfather, Jacob Mangas, located on his first forty acres in Indiana, in 1837. He exchanged farms with my father in 1870, and lived there 30½ years. My Father was born on this first farm in 1839, left it after he was married in 1861 and returned to live there after the exchange for a period of 15 years. This makes thirty-seven years that he resided on the first Mangas farm.

I lived with my parents during this 15 year period and moved with them to Wayne Township, in 1885; married and moved back to this farm in 1888 and remained there until 1908—twenty years and seven months—making a period of over 35 years I spent on this first farm home. So you see I have a third observation of the life and progress of the Mangas families, as well as that of the families, on the neighboring farms.

Father bought seven and one-third acres in Wayne Township in 1883, and built a new home there. We moved to this location in 1885. This home was just one and one-half miles north of Union City, on the Union City and North Salem road.

The following three years were of great importance to me. It was a new location and we formed many new associations and acquaintances. I completed my remaining school work, in the common branches, in the district school of Wayne Township. Here I met a certain lassie who soon became the light of my life and so two lives were soon united into one by Holy Matrimony, on October 9, 1887. Her name was Minnie Coby, daughter of Jane and Peter Coby, who resided on a farm east of our new location.

After enjoying twenty-one years of nourishment and training under the parental roof and observing the progress of the community, I felt that we should consider our qualifications and abilities and the small i—big WE and little yous. My services for the coming six months were engaged, but the future was rather indefinite. I desired to establish a home and family life in a locality where both the physical and spiritual could be well nourished.

Wesley had been living on the old home place and had obtained enough farming equipment to operate a larger farm, so he rented a 160 acre farm north of Ridgeville. Father suggested that we move to the home farm where he could aid and supervise, as he fully realized I would need both financial support and advice.

We made the move on Ground hog day, February 2, 1888. We possessed—a team of horses, an old wagon, Father had bought in 1875, one cow, six hens and one—NEW BUGGY. (I always felt like this new buggy helped to persuade her to say "yes"). Our $65.00 worth of furniture consisted of—a new cooking stove and little box heater, a kitchen table and six chairs, two rockers, a cupboard, and one bedstead with slats for springs. The valuation of property at that time was about $500.00, and we had to give a note for one-half of that. So folks when you go sailing into the stars, in your private planes, remember—that back in 1888, we could only look up and count the stars. But from that date on we have striven with a oneness for a life of harmony and a desire to bring peace and joy not only to our own, but to all with whom we might be privileged to mingle and associate.

Farm Life

A Hair Raising Experience

WERE you ever suddenly aroused from sleep by a creaking, scratching, slipping, thumping noise, near the door of your home; and have your companion twisting your ear and yelling, "Wake up! get up and go see what is making that awful noise." With your heart in your mouth and your hair standing straight up, you try to be brave and figure what to do first. I have spoken of giving thought to what you hear; now what would you have thought? Our house had seven rooms and with our small amount of furniture, most of the rooms were still unfurnished and they echoed every noise. Both of us had been accustomed to large families and several around at night so our first night in our new home was lonesome enough without strange noises from outside.

Who do you think opened the door? When the door was finally opened the noise-maker and intruder was as frightened at our scary appearance as we had been at its noise; but never had an old cow looked as comforting to us, as that one did as she stood there munching corn.

Wesley had moved from the farm the same day that we moved in and he left a few head of hogs and cattle in our care until he could return for them. They seemed to feel they were privileged characters and roamed at will. I had fed the hogs earlier in the evening and as it was raining I did not take the remainder of the corn back to the barn, but had set the basket on the porch. The cow had shoved the barn lot gate open and had discovered the corn. Her feet were wet and muddy and that had caused the eerie noises on the porch.

* * *

It has been said, that this old world is a great school to the wise but a school of vice to the fool. The outside world to me did not seem very large, when I was a boy, because I had had little occasion to travel. The Mangas farms, by this time had grown into an acreage of 400 acres and this all lay within a few miles from Union City, the shopping center. My Grandfather Smith lived only a short distance east of us, and the village of Lisbon had taken care of our most pressing needs. In 1878, I took my first train ride to visit the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio. In 1886, after the death of Grandfather Smith, Grandmother and I went to Paulding, Ohio, to visit two of her daughters. We spent fifteen days there and that was the first time I had been out of the county over night. So you see I still had lots to learn.

Moving on ground hog day seemed rather significant to us as we soon realized it was up to us to—"root hog or die," as the saying goes. We had to pay two-fifths of the income, from our production, as payment on the farm. Living expenses, farming equipment, increases in stock and purchase of seed and grain for production had to be deducted from the yearly income before the smiling and patient wife could say, "How about the children, they all need a new supply of clothing." As time passed by it seemed demands began to multiply, but ways and means were usually worked out, whereby it was possible to provide a fair living and comfortable home.

We were fortunate in enjoying some of the improved methods of farming, tho these improvements were nothing, compared to the machine age of 1948, they were a great advancement over the crude equipment our grandparents had used. In the home, heating and cooking stoves had replaced the fireplaces with their heavy cooking pots. Kerosene lamps and hanging lamps replaced the tallow candles. The old gourd dipper had given place to the water bucket and tin dipper; and the well with the balanced lift and old oaken bucket were exchanged for the woodstock pump with the wooden handle, that always demanded to be primed, before it would work.

About 1900, the farmers had straightened the streams and tile-drained the land. This was good for the crops, but caused a shortage of drinking places for the grazing stock; so the farmers began to figure and invent ways to pump their water to the stock by machinery. The wind mill, with its force and pressure pumps of iron, was introduced in our locality and we bought one which included a twenty gallon retainer tank. We placed this tank in the kitchen so that the fresh water came to the house first. This container stood upright and retained its capacity and the overflow pipe returned to the ground below the freezing point and carried the water to the stock tanks. This one device saved hours of pumping for all the family and lightened the household work.

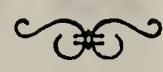
The farm tools had changed too. The root jumper, breaking plow to the walking and later the riding plow,

pulled by horses and oxen. At first the small grain was broadcast or dropped by hand and covered with a hoe. Later corn and grain planters did all this in one operation. I was privileged to drive the team used to operate the first reaping machine, to be used in Jackson Township. The threshing machine with its shrill whistle and clanking mechanism made the rounds of the neighborhood at harvest time; pouring the wheat and oats it had separated from the sheaves the farmers continually fed it, into the waiting grain wagons and from another funnel it spouted forth the threshed straw; building a glistening, golden straw pile, which stood as a fitting symbol, of an abundant harvest.

Ronald learned to operate the riding plows and different farm equipment, thus making it possible for us to increase our production. Agnes had taken music lessons and after her graduation from the grade school, taught music to many pupils in our community. The younger children helped in the home. It was our belief that each child should learn how to work, not only to assist us, but to better prepare themselves for their own future.

Because the county school still taught only the common grades, including the eighth grade and we wished to give our family the advantage of a high school education, we decided to move to town. In August, 1908, we moved to Union City to a home just within the corporation, on North Howard Street. This place was two lots wide and two long. We had a large orchard in the back lots, where we raised chickens, grazed the cows and fattened hogs for our winter meat, besides having a large garden on the extra front lot. I brought the team to town and tried farming from the city by driving back and forth, later I rented the farm and then sold it; ending a period of 71 years the original home place had been owned by a Mangas.

Living in Town



TO SUDDENLY diverge from forty years of country life and move into the city, with its progressive schools and industries, was about as radical a change as my grandparents made when they came to Indiana. Success was no easier obtained. Changes and adjustments to our former mode of living were continuous. School schedules and home chores were bound to conflict and the report card, with its monthly recording of grades and deportment, became the family barometer—it could forecast cloud bursts or sunny skies as readily as the weather man.

Higher classes demanded more social activities and trips to the public library. Later the Sunday school, class meetings, choir practice and the even of the nickelodeon and basketball games, caused one or more of the family to be out several nights a week. The old coal-oil lamp, in the window, guided them home over the last block of unlighted street and old board walk. Where the family had formerly attended church and social activities of New Lisbon together, they now went their separate ways in town.

New expressions, styles, acquaintances and newer methods of cooking and working all played a big part in the family life. The supper hour was always the most pleasant time of the day, for that was the time the whole family was usually present and at leisure and the day's events made interesting conversation.

We soon realized the city, as a corporation, could make many demands of its citizens, in the way of taxes on properties, the maintenance of streets, sewers and city property. There were city laws to be obeyed. Straying animals and chickens were considered a nuisance, if they destroyed neighborhood gardens and property. But the quarantine law nettled us the most. To obey it made you mad, to disobey made you bad, and either way made you very, very sad. We were quarantined twice, for mild cases of scarlet fever. The first time, I had obtained permission, from our family doctor, to drive to the farm each day and care for the stock; providing I did not stop anywhere or visit with anyone. I had failed to get the same permission from the health officer and that caused trouble—so we received an extra super dose of fumigation, when the quarantine was finally lifted.

The educational opportunities in both the school and the church soon quieted any fears we may have harbored, about the wisdom of our move. The winter Lyceum courses and summer Chautauquas and church revival meetings, were the three highlights of the year for all of us.

The opportunities for employment were more plentiful. Paper routes, selling garden products in season, and milk and eggs to the neighbors, teaching piano lessons, clerking in the drug stores and confectionery, raising chickens, chauffeuring and office work helped each member of the family to put their education to practical use and helped to earn their living.

A Jack of All Trades

NOW DAD is supposed to be a worker—tho he may be a shirker—or he may be a dodger—or just a hodg-podger—but if he lives long enough he usually becomes a Jack of all trades and possibly masters a few.

I started by washing dishes for my Ma and carrying water to my Pa. As I grew older I chopped stove wood and sawed logs. I learned to farm, ditch and grade roads. After we moved to Union City besides the farming I used the team to haul gravel for the new streets and brick for the pavements; material for homes and businesses and dug basements. I worked in the city's first drainage system, graded around the city's water plant and helped grade at the new disposal plant. I worked three years at the Imperial Electric, two years at the Body works, also worked at Hunts manufacturing plant. Bought pond ice, from Young's ice plant and sold it during the summer. I hauled cord wood for both the buggy and carriage plants. I was janitor of the city library nine years and of the First Christian church two years. I have served both as elder and deacon of the church. In 1882 and 1883 I helped to dig a few graves and bury the dead at the Lisbon cemetery and that is about as close as heaven has had any use for me yet. Since 1920 we have owned the Cottage Hotel on Columbia Street and I have remodeled and repaired the property and tried to keep it in good condition. Now I have become a privileged character to run at large . . . (In my thoughts and with my pen—only).

In the Retail Ice Business

One of the most trying experiences of my life was the time I tried to sell a perishable product. This product was as hard as a rock, as slick as glass, as wet as water and as cold as ice. It took zero weather to produce it and July and August weather to market it. When the weather was cold—no one wanted it—when the weather was hot—everyone wanted it. Just when I began to think I would make a nice profit—my product became like the man who was made of dirt—when he died they said—"Dirt thou art, and unto dirt thou must return."

My product was made of water and to water it returned, leaving me wet, hot and dirty and my public crying for, "Water—ice cold—why don't you come with that ICE?"

Sunshine and Shadows

"Were not sun and shadow blent,
As the Blessed Saviour meant.
Let us fashion our content—
With His own."

NOW UP TO 1888, my parents had reared six children—J. Wesley, 26; William O, 22; Rufus S., 20, Cora B., 13, Dora Mae, 11, and Carry A., 9. Just after Wesley and I had settled on our own farms, a fourth son —Clinton F., was born on June 30, 1888. Mother's health had always been frail, so my three sisters were a great aid and comfort to her; as they grew into womanhood, they took over the many responsibilities of the home and the care of Clinton.

Cora, the eldest, heard of a family stricken with a contageous disease, who could not secure help. She begged permission to go and care for them, feeling it was her Christian duty. She stayed two weeks and came home ill and died the following week, on Christmas morning, 1893, at the age of eighteen.

The next year Dora May, who had been suffering from lung trouble, died. Words cannot express the sorrow and disappointment this caused in our home. This passing, of their youthful lives, left the family and their friends lonely and desolate. They had enjoyed gathering their friends about them of evenings and singing the school and church songs for their parents and children. They were always cheerful and willing to fulfill their duties to the best of their abilities.

On July 17, 1897, Father took typhoid fever and soon five members of the family were ill. Mother, Carry, and her husband, A. M. Brooks, and Clinton. A few weeks later Agnes took it. Father and Brooks were critically ill for three months, but with time and good care they all recovered. Five and one-half years later Mother died—July 12, 1903, at the age of 58. Sister Carry Brooks died six months later, March 7, 1907, at the age of 25, leaving three small children—Claude, Harold and Ruby.

Father later married Mrs. Ann Brown. Her pleasant personality comforted Father in his lonely years and won a place in the family and community which caused her to be beloved by all who knew her. Father died in 1920—at the age of 82. Ann returned to Pennville to spend her remaining years with her daughter, Maude Brown Hoover.

Wesley died in 1943, at the age of 75.

The sunshine in our own home was shadowed, when our youngest daughter Nellie May, died of leakage of the heart, in 1916, at the age of seven and one-half years.

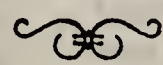
The Mangas Lineage

In all generations. (Psalms 90:1)

* * *

Let us give thought to a lad—who was dropped in the midst of four generations, each way.

Lord, thou has been our dwelling place
Tho born in a recent cleared forest-land,
There seemed so much to comprehend.
So much to be learned—so much to be done—
But each uprooted stump—was a victory won.
So he struggled along—in his thoughtful way,
Now eighty-two years are his to survey.
And proudly he writes, of the things he knows—
Of the Mangas Lineage—as far as it goes.



LET ME refer you back to the First, of the four generations. He had a THOUGHT of a journey over the ocean. You had to have a ship with a sail and rudder to guide and keep it afloat, in order to leave Germany, cross the vast and boundless ocean and land in America—the land of promise—in 1798.

The Second one—who was born in America in 1801, and grew up among the Pennsylvania Dutch. He had a THOUGHT of a still newer land, and Indiana was his goal. Was his journey over the high mountains, through the deep valleys and across the wide rivers, in his one horse wagon, any less hazardous, than his Father's ocean voyage?

The Third—who was the first to be born in Indiana, in 1839—in a log cabin—midst partially cleared land. He spent his life in helping establish homes, school and churches and to further the progress of his community. In spite of the height of the remaining forest trees, he had a wide vision of the better things of Life.

The Fourth—left in the midst of four ways—in 1866, also born in a log cabin—the nub of the past and the future. I was called a stub nosed kid, because I fell and bumped my nose on a stump. I might have been a little taller, if I had not climbed over so many stumps and rail-fences, in my boyhood. I was called a "Sissie," because I had to help my Mother, but to get to help my Father, I had to do what my older brother left undone—that was no fun. Most folk say life is not its best—when there's no rest—but what would you have done, but to travel on.

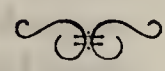
And now the tide is turned—the lineage runs the other way—
So just be patient with me—Till I have my say.
The Fifth generation in due time is born—
On the Home Farm—where stumps have long been torn,
And waving grains now cover up the land,
Where virgin forests, once held full command.
The Sixth—my grandsons—born within the state,
A great-grandson—the Seventh—brings us up to date.

1—My Great-grandfather Mangas—came from Germany..1798
2—My Grand-father .....Jacob Mangas—born in Pennsylvania..1801
3—My father ....Eli Mangas—born in Indiana.....1839
4—His Son William O. Mangas—born in Indiana.....1866
5—My Sons Ronald Earl Mangas—born in Indiana.....1894
5— Ralph Allison Mangas—born in Indiana.....1901
5—Emory Kenneth Mangas—born in Indiana.....1904
6—My 1st Grandson Kenneth E, Jr. Mangas—born in Indiana.....1922
6—My 2nd Grand-son....Robert A. Mangas—born in Indiana.....1925
7—My Great grand-son..Douglas D. Mangas—born in New York.....1948

So now in black and white—you clearly see
One hundred and fifty years of Mangas History.

The Peter Coby Family

(*By* Minnie Coby Mangas—October 13, 1948)



NOW these Episodes I shall dedicate to my children and their families. It is a little late in life to begin to write, for it has been sixty-one years since our marriage. Weddings, in those days, were usually held in the bride's home; so on October 9, 1887, after the Sunday evening church service, the members of the Coby and Mangas families and two guests gathered at any parents' home to attend our wedding. Reverend William Grant Smith, pastor of the New Lisbon church, performed the marriage ceremony, at nine o'clock. A delicious wedding supper was served after the ceremony. The following day we all attended the Infare dinner, given by the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Mangas. I had two dresses, a wedding dress and an infare dress. Honeymoons were seldom possible for the most of us, so the wedding supper and the infare dinner completed our celebrations.

We both had been accustomed to large families, and had never known lonely hours until we moved to the Mangas home farm, so at first it was hard to adjust ourselves to this new life. Fortunately we had lots of good neighbors and friends. The arrival of spring found us busy making our home and surroundings attractive. We had little of this world's goods to start with. Father had given me a year old calf and Mother had made twenty-five yards of rag carpet. Our $65.00 worth of furniture seemed ample until we tried to arrange it in our seven-room house.

The grandest event in all these years was being blest with three sons and four daughters—Lulu Agnes, Ronald Earl, Gladys Marie, Ralph Allison, Emory Kenneth, Laura Lorena and Nellie Mae. All are still with us but Nellie Mae who died, of leakage of the heart, at the age of seven and one-half years. Nellie had blond hair and beautiful blue eyes and her sunny disposition charmed all who knew her. When one is gone that place can never be filled.

Perhaps I should go back to the arrivals of my great-grandfathers in Indiana to really give you a more complete picture of my side of the family. Some of this information we found in their old family Bibles, which my sister Lulu Brooks now possesses. Newspaper clippings and obituaries added interesting data.

Armsbee Diggs was born in Anson County, North Carolina, June 18, 1795. He was married to Mary Way in 1816, and they started to Indiana in December of that year; but owing to sickness they did not arrive until the following February. Armsbee bought a farm in Randolph County, near Winchester, April, 1817, where he resided until the time of his death, March 9, 1872. Armsbee and Mary Diggs had twelve children—Henry, Berey C., Patience, Washington, John, Jesse, Priscilla, Rachel, William, Hannah, Matthew and Fanny. Great-grandfather Armsbee was one of the earliest settlers of this county, and used to relate that when he went to the land office at Cincinnati, Ohio, that he carried a sack of shelled corn to feed his horse, as well as his own food, from Richmond, there being no settlement at that time between Richmond and Cincinnati, where he could procure sustenance. Neither was there any settlement between his farm and Richmond. He was a quiet, unostentatious man, took no active part in violent discussions, and to know him was to be his friend. He had been in feeble health for several years, but was able to be about until ten days prior to his death, when he contracted a severe cold and died of lung fever. His remains were interred in the Macksville cemetery.

Great-grandmother, Mary Way Diggs, was born in South Carolina, June 27, 1800. She endured the hardships of pioneer life and lived to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of the country and to see her children settled in life. She died only eight months after her husband's death, on November 14, 1872, and she was buried beside her husband in the Mackville cemetery. The Diggs families were of English descent and members of the Quaker faith.

My Grandfather Henry Diggs was the eldest son of Mary and Armsbee Diggs. He was born December 3, 1817. Henry was married to Nancy Edwards on December 8, 1836, and they moved to a farm west of Winchester. They had seven children—Mary Ann, Carolyn, Lydia, Washington, Jane, Elizabeth and Prudy Ann. Nancy died May 23, 1856 and Henry April 13, 1857. Because of the early death of the parents the home was broken up and the children sought work in various homes; so very little of their family history was recorded. We found a record of death notices of Robert Edwards, who died in 1841 and Hannah Edwards, who died in 1839, and we assume these two were the parents of Nancy, of English descent.

The fifth child of Henry and Nancy Diggs was my mother, Jane Diggs, who was born March 28, 1848.

My great-grandparents on the Coby side, were Hezikiah and Rebecca Coby, who came from Virginia. They first located in Muskingum County near Zanesville, Ohio, where grandfather Travis Coby was born September 13, 1809. About 1816 the family moved to Indiana and settled in Jay County near Salimona. Travis married Susannah Varner, March 3, 1835. Susannah was the daughter of Martin and Catherine Varner and she was born December 27, 1812. The Coby families belonged to the Baptist denomination, and as far as we know were of English descent. Susannah and Travis Coby had twelve children—Elizabeth, Benjamin, Jane, Peter, Lydia, Hampson, Clarinda, William, Levi, Hannah, Morgan and Stephen. Their fourth child was my father, Peter Coby, who was born March 19, 1839.

My parents—Peter Coby and Jane Diggs, were married December 24, 1836; and they moved to a farm near Hillsboro, just north of Richmond, Indiana, where I was born on July 10, 1872. I was the fourth of their six children, as Frank, Laura and William were older than I. The fall following my birth my parents decided to move to Little Rock, Arkansas, where they planned to make a future home. We left Richmond and started toward Union City, traveling in a two-horse covered wagon. I became ill on the way, so we stopped in Union City until spring. I seemed to be very slow in regaining good health, so that, coupled with the death of one of the horses during the winter, caused my parents to cancel the trip for good. We lived on the street called the State Line, in Union City, until I was six years of age. I started to school on the Ohio side at the same location the East Side school is today. Benjamin and Lulu were born during the period we lived in Union City.

In 1878, three months after I started into school, we moved to a big farm of 160 acres, known as the Cadwallader farm, just one mile north of Union City. It was a thrilling event for us children as we rode on the wagon with the load of household furniture. We drove down a long lane and stopped in front of a large, two-story, brick house. Large porches were on two sides and a fruit cellar was underneath the main part of the house. A huge fireplace was in one end of the living room and it proved to be a favorite gathering place of evenings, when the nights were cold. It would take three logs, one as a back log and two others about three feet long, placed in front to make the right amount of heat. Here we would pop corn in the long-handled popper, eat apples and crack nuts and study our lessons.

This farm was a stock farm, with two large grain barns. In 1884 Father built a twenty-five stall barn for milk cows and started a dairy. Mother, Frank, Will and I did the milking; then, we never dreamed there would ever be such a thing as a milking machine. The milk was well strained through layers of cloth into large milk cans, and a delivery was made once a day in winter and twice a day in summer, in a one-horse milk wagon. There were two large cans containing the milk and one containing the long handled dippers which were used to dip quarts and pints of milk. As they drove along the route they would ring a bell and the customers scurried out with their containers to get the milk dipped from the can. Special milk for babies was kept in a separate can. There would also be a can of cream for those who wanted coffee cream. This milk sold for five cents a quart, three cents a pint, and about twenty cents a quart for cream. During the summer the milking was done very early in the morning, then the milk was cooled off for the morning delivery; then at three in the afternoon the milking was done again, for the evening delivery. There were two dairies in Union City at that time—the Coby Dairy and the Harless Dairy.

We also had a large truck garden and in the summer delivered fresh vegetables over town. We had a large orchard and plenty of apples of all varieties. Some of the apples were made into cider for making apple-butter, others stored in the cellar for winter use and the rest buried for the late spring.

Hominy and kraut making were two regular fall events. Mother would make the hominy in a large iron pot and it would be an all day process. First, the shelled field corn had to be boiled in lye water, which was made from wood ashes. After the corn was taken from the lye water it was thoroughly washed and then par-boiled and last it was returned to the pot and boiled slowly until the corn was tender. The lye water bleached the corn and when it was done it would be fluffy, white grains.

The kraut was made in a large barrel. First, the cabbage was cut and the outside leaves trimmed off. Next, the cabbage heads were quartered and put into the barrel, salted, cut and stamped. This was done with a cutter, made like a figure eight, out of metal and placed on the end of a long handle. This would cut the cabbage into bits and stamp or crush it at the same time. More cabbage and salt would be added at intervals until the barrel was two-thirds full and then it was covered with large, clean cabbage leaves and a plate weighted down with a heavy stone, and set in a warm place to sour.

Each spring Mother would white wash the walls in every room of our house, how clean and bright they would look! We did not have a washing machine so the family washing was done in two tubs. Mother would take the clothes through the suds and rubbing on the wash board in one tub, while I rinsed them in the other tub.

Our school was across the road at the end of our lane, so we did not have a great distance to walk. It was a one

room school with all grades taught by one teacher. We would often have spelling school at night when two or more schools would visit our school. The spellers would choose sides and try to spell down each other. I always enjoyed this because spelling was my favorite subject.

I was permitted to attend the various church services which were within walking distance of our home; so I varied my early religious education by visiting the Christian, Presbyterian and Methodist churches on the Indiana side, and the United Brethren Sunday school, on the Ohio side. The unusual dress and services of the Dunkard people attracted me and I would often walk across our farm to attend the services of the Dunkard church, which was located on the State Line, just northeast of our farm. The women wore dainty, white, prayer caps, instead of hats and the men did not wear ties. One of the men would line a stanza of a hymn and then all would sing that stanza. A tuning fork was used to get the proper pitch. They did not have a regular minister, so the brethren would do the preaching; sometimes three or four would take part in one service. They added the letter "a" to many of their words; for instance, "and" would be "anda." Their form of baptism, was for the convert to be dipped, face forward, into the water three times—in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

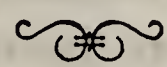
When we became better acquainted in our community, we all started attending the services at the New Lisbon church. Brother Will and I united with this church in March, 1884 and we were baptized in the creek, by the church, that same day. Lisbon remained my church home until after I married when we moved with our children to Union City and all placed our memberships in the Christian church there.

The fall following my marriage, brother Benny took seriously ill, with inflamation of the bowels, and died on September 30, 1888. Mother and Father bought a little home in Redkey and moved there in 1894. Laura, Frank and Will had married and moved to their respective homes. At that time Redkey was a boom town, because of the gas wells and glass factories. Laura and Thomas Birum were operating a hotel there. Father had a large truck garden and sold vegetables in the summer and Mother did the hotel linen and laundry for the commercial men who patronized the hotel. About 1918 Laura and Thomas sold their hotel and bought one in Hartford City. Mother and Father would close their home and spend the winters with them, coming back to Redkey for the summer months, until they sold their home and moved to Hartford City. Mother had broken her hip and walked with a crutch, but she was able to help Laura in the kitchen of the hotel, and Father helped with the firing. Father had always wanted to live to the age of ninety but he died on June 8, 1928, at the age of 89, at Laura's. Mother died in our home, on December 12, 1934. They were buried in the Lisbon cemetery.

After Father and Mother moved to Redkey, Lulu spent part of her time in our home, until her marriage to Wesley A. Brooks. They settled on a little farm in Ohio, just a few miles east of the State Line; thereby making it possible for us to visit back and forth and to share our problems and our pleasures. It was not at all unusual to even bundle up our bread mixture along with the children and finish the baking in her oven while we visited and the men attended a sale. Aunt Lu's saucy canary, her playful puppies and kittens, delicious tom-thumb pop corn, along with Uncle Wes's fiddle and player piano, are fond memories to all her nieces and nephews.

Chronological Outline of the Peter Coby Family

(January, 1950)



Peter Coby — (1839-1928) married — December 24, 1863—Jane Diggs (1848-1934)

Descendants of Jane and Peter Coby.

1. Frank Coby—born June 10, 1867. He married May Sutton. Their six children are: Russel, Hazel, Ethel, Herschel, Helen and Raymond. They lived in Fort Wayne, Indiana, several years and later moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan. Frank was a railroader and had almost reached the age of retirement when he died on June 8, 1934. May, with her daughter Hazel and sons Raymond and Herschel, lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Helen and Russel live in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Ethel is deceased.

2. Laura Coby—born December 6, 1868. She married Thomas Birum. They owned and operated hotels in Redkey and Hartford City, Indiana. The last hotel was known as the Birum Hotel. After Thomas's death Laura's health failed so she sold the hotel and moved to Union City, Indiana. She later married L. H. Ryan and they bought a little home in Union City, where they lived until her death, October 30, 1942. L. H. Ryan now resides in Michigan. Laura helped to rear her neice, Cecil Coby, after the death of Cecil's mother. Laura and Thomas also adopted an orphaned boy, Virgil Birum, who lived with them until he became of age. His address is unknown.

3. Minnie Coby—born July 10, 1872. She married William O. Mangas, October 9, 1887. They lived on the Mangas home farm for several years, later moved to Union City, Indiana, where they now reside at the Cottage Hotel, which they have owned and managed for many years. They celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary October, 1947. They are the only couple in either family to have had a sixtieth anniversary. The record of their children's birth dates is as follows: Lulu Agnes, Monday, February 24, 1890; Ronald Earl, Tuesday, January 2, 1894; Gladys Marie, Tuesday, June 13, 1899; Ralph Allison, Wednesday, June 26, 1901; Emory Kenneth, Tuesday, September 6, 1904, Laura Lorena, Saturday, December 29, 1906, and Nellie Mae, Wednesday, April 28, 1909; died November, 1916.

4. William Coby—born April 6, 1871. He married Julie McCarty and they had five children: Harold, Lester, Cecil, Lewis and Mary J. Julie died when Mary J. was born. Laura took Cecil and Lulu took Mary J. into their homes. William later married Clara Knox and they moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he operated a tin shop until his death, May 2, 1933. Clara, the three sons and Cecil all live in Tulsa and Mary J. lives south of Union City, Indiana.

5. Benjamin Coby—born November 6, 1875; died September 30, 1888.

6. Lulu Coby—born February 4, 1878. She married Wesley A. Brooks and they bought a farm in Ohio about five miles northeast of Union City, Indiana, where Lulu still resides alone, since Wesley's death. They adopted a boy, Herman W. Brooks, who is deceased, and they reared a neice, Mary J. Coby, until her marriage to Guy Mote.

Life's Weaving

(*by* Gladys Mangas Pate)

Weaving the PATTERN OF LIFE—is such intricate
work;

And you seldom foresee—the problems that lurk—

In crossing the warp—with LIFE'S daily woof thread,

For your eyes are intent—on the steps just ahead.

A variety of colors—at first you collect,

Only time can teach you—which to reject.

A perfect design—you strive to achieve,

As over and under—the woof thread you weave.

There are days when the shuttle—fairly jumps in your
hand.

When it seems LIFE'S FULL PATTERN—is within your
command.

And then there are times—when perspective you lack;

When the warp thread's too taunt—the woof thread's
too slack.

There are snarls and tangles—your patience to try,

Only experience can train you—to skillfully ply—

A smooth running shuttle—a soft, blending hue—

As daily LIFE'S PATTERN—you ardently woo.

Alas, comes a day—when you sit at your loom;

And it seems nevermore—can LIFE'S RHYTHM resume.

When it suddenly seems—you've lost LIFE'S BRIGHT-
EST THREAD

And your vision is blurred—with tears long unshed.

Your hands fumble the shuttle—you have to retrack.

You have no inspiration—YOU are weaving in BLACK.

But soon a soft pressure—is guiding your hand;

And the shuttle moves smoothly—it's weaving a
STRAND—

Yes, your STRAND or BRIGHT COLOR—at last you
have found—

It will never foresake you—to YOUR HEARTSTRINGS
—it's bound.

—In commemoration of those who are gone, but who left us endowed with so many beautiful LIFE THREADS.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM O. MANGAS AND FAMILY

Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary

OCTOBER 12, 1947

Home Sweet Home

329 North Columbia Street, Union City, Indiana

THE remaining pages in this book are provided for YOUR OWN FAMILY RECORDS and for those of the generations that follow

THE MANGAS FAMILY

The first MANGAS immigrated from Germany and settled in YORK PENNSYLVANIA in 1798

JACOB MANGAS
1801-1883
m. ELIZABETH HOKE
1809-1889
(Jacob and family immigrated to Randolph County Indiana 1837)

SARAH, EMANUEL, CASPER, JOHN, JACOB, ELI, ABRAHAM, ABSOLEM, SAMUEL
Born in York Pennsylvania; b. Ohio; 1839-1920; born in Indiana

m. JEMIMA SMITH 1861
1844-1903

J. WESLEY 1862 1943; HANNAH C. 1863 d1; MARY E. 1865 d.; WILLIAM O. 1866; RUFUS S. 1868; LEWIS J. 1873d.; CORA B. 1875-1893; DORA A. 1877-1894; CARRIE 1879-1907; CLINTON F. 1888

m. WILDA GETTINGER
d.

NOVA, JESSE, CLARENCE
d.

m. ANN PETERSON

m. HARRY POWERS

BERNICE, ROBERT
d., d.

m. ESTHER GARES

HELEN, MARTHA, JOAN

m. CORA BREWER

PRUDENCE

m. THEODORE ELY

MARTHA, WILMER, MARY DEAN

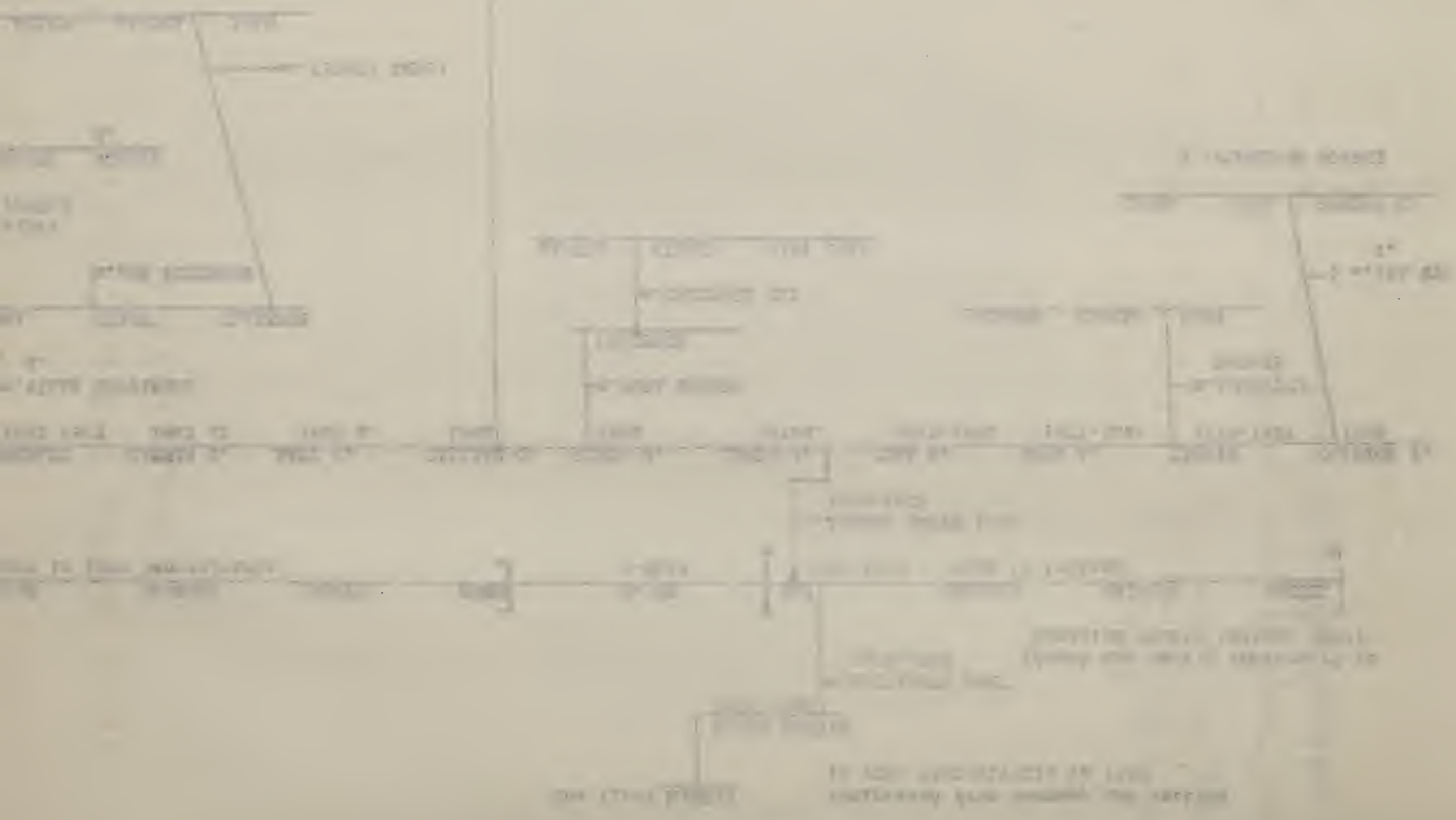
m. AUGUSTUS BROOKS

CLAUDE, HAROLD, RUBY

1 m. IVA WI[illegible]
d.

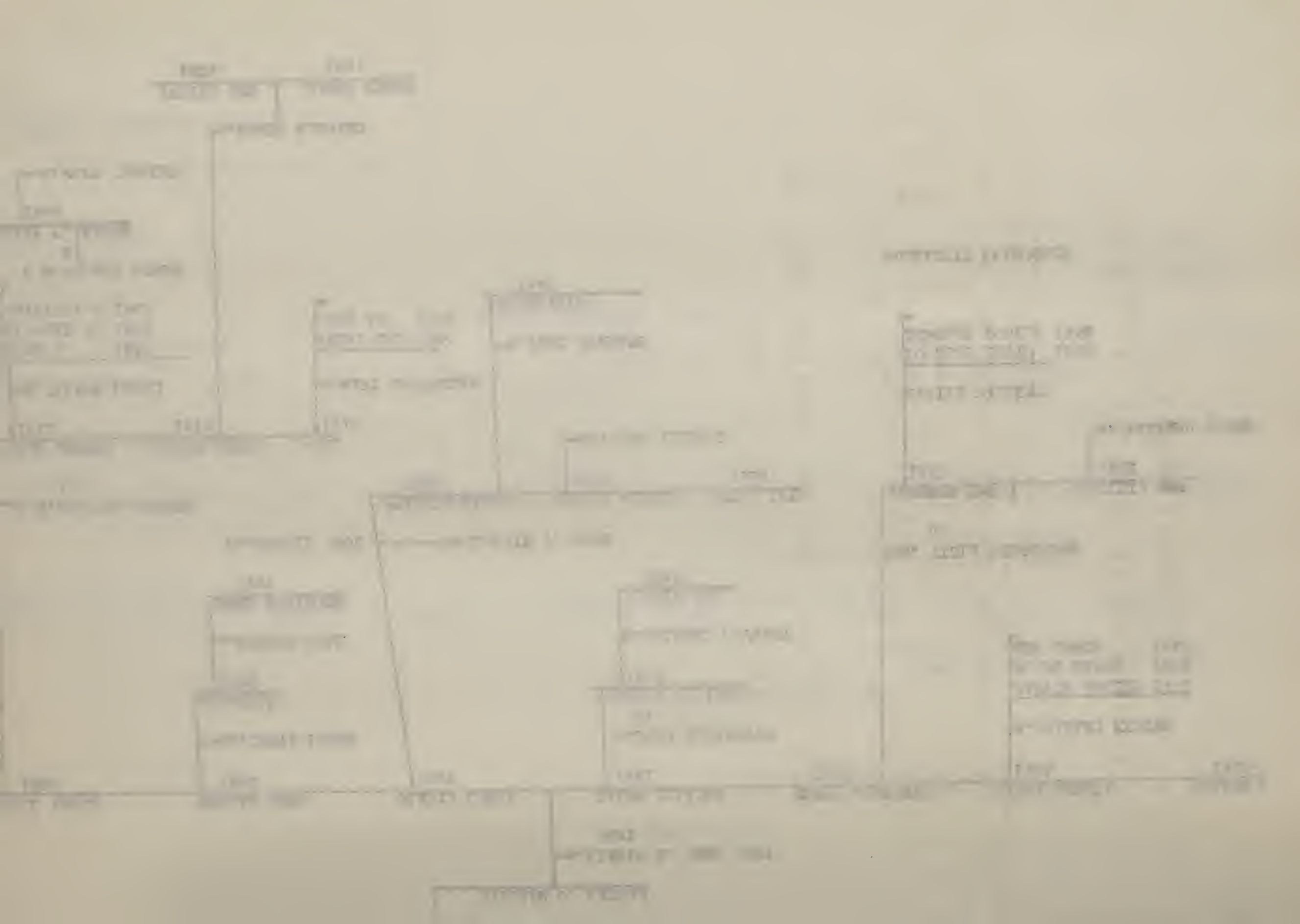
CAROL, RHEA, ROBERT K.

2 m. FLORENCE PONTUS



WILLIAM O. MANGAS

m. MINNIE E. COBY 1887
1871

- LULU AGNES 1890
  - 1 m. RUSSELL TURNER
    d.
- RONALD EARL 1894
  - 1m. TREVA BEARD
  - ADABELLE 1918
    - m. GEORGE HILL
    - JOHN ROBINSON 1947
  - 2m. MAURIE COOK
- GLADYS MARIE 1899
  - m. MARVIN F. PATE
  - FRANCES ELOISE 1922
    - m. PAUL SPARACO
    - ROSEMARIE 1947
  - GLADYS MARIE 1925
    - m. PAUL ALLEGER
  - BETTY LOU 1928
- RALPH ALLISON 1901
  - m. MARY EDDINGTON
    d.
  - ROBERT ALLISON 1925
    - m. MILDRED JEFFREY
    - VICKIE ANN 1948
- EMORY KENNETH 1903
  - 1m. VIOLA TEEGARDEN
    d.
  - KENNETH EMORY 1922
    - m. RITA HAGGERTY
    - DOUGLAS DAVID 1948
    - DEBORAH LOUISE 1950
  - PHYLLIS ANN 1925
    - m. RICHARD BROWN
  - 2m. MAURIE REIBSOMER
- LAURA LORENA 1906
  - m. STANLEY KESTER
  - JANICE ARLENE 1932
  - DUANE KEITH 1935
  - ANN LOREE 1944
- NELLIE [illegible] 1909-[illegible]

- GRACE AUDREY 1912
  - m. WILBUR MEEKS
  - JOAN K. 1937
  - RICHARD D. 1939
  - PATRICIA A. 1943
  - 2 m. VERNIE BYRUM
    d
  - MARY E. BYRUM 1924
    - m. FRED CARRIER
- MARIE AGNES 1915
  - m. HOMER MANRING
  - JUDITH ANN 1939
  - JAMES EDWIN 1941
- R.H. 1916
  - m. MARY AUSTERMAN
  - JERRY LEE 1934
  - RUDY JO 1936